

## New York Tribune.

First to Last—the Truth—News—Editorials—Advertisements.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1915.

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York corporation, Ogden M. Field, President; G. Verrier Rogers, Secretary and Treasurer. Address: Tribune Building, No. 154 Nassau Street, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York:  
Daily & Sunday, 1 mo., \$3.50; 3 mos., \$10.00; 6 mos., \$18.00; 1 year, \$32.00.  
Daily & Sunday, 6 mos., \$10.00; 1 year, \$18.00.  
Daily & Sunday, 1 year, \$32.00.  
Sunday only, 1 year, \$12.00.  
Single copies, 5 cents.

FOREIGN RATES—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York:  
Daily & Sunday, 1 mo., \$4.00; 3 mos., \$11.00; 6 mos., \$20.00; 1 year, \$36.00.  
Daily & Sunday, 6 mos., \$11.00; 1 year, \$20.00.  
Daily & Sunday, 1 year, \$36.00.  
Sunday only, 1 year, \$14.00.  
Single copies, 5 cents.

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

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## Taking a Chance with Life.

Mr. Hammett, the head of the Fire Prevention Bureau, testifies that there are 15,000 factories in this city which lack interior fire alarm systems, fire buckets, fire drills and other protection and precautions against such occurrences as the Williamsburg disaster. That is, there are 15,000 buildings where lives would be in danger if a fire started. Moreover, this official estimates that it would take four years before the city could be assured, by its system of inspection and supervision, that all factories were properly protected, even if the Board of Estimate allowed the full amount requested by the Fire Commissioner for inspection work.

Fifteen thousand property owners, on that showing, are taking a chance with human life by defying the law or delaying in complying with it. Their tenants and the workers in these buildings are taking a chance. The city authorities themselves are taking a chance. Everybody seems willing to take a chance—with the other person's life. And when lives are lost, as in this most recent outrage, every person implicated—tenant, owner, official—points to somebody else as the one responsible. Human life is so lamentably cheap, human suffering so soon forgotten; dollars seem so important by comparison.

What is at fault in this situation is the generation's scale of values. Unfortunately even the most zealous prosecutor can't convict a social system. The dead of the Triangle and Williamsburg fires indict the system—and everybody goes on, taking a chance.

## Easing the Cow's Burden.

Indulgent treatment pays. Mrs. Ada F. Howie, a member of the Wisconsin State Board of Agriculture, believes this as firmly when it concerns cows as does Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne when applied to convicts. Mrs. Howie has commanded her farm employees to speak cheerily to the cows when they approach them at milking time in the morning; she has installed a music machine to accompany the milking, and she would like to add porcelain feed boxes and cream colored walls. Indeed, she has requested the state board to put lace curtains on the windows of the stables to be built for the School of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin. Cows have temperaments, she contends, a conception of orderly dwellings and a faculty for appreciating courtesy. "Cows are sensitive to their surroundings. Make the stable cheery and beautiful and the cows will respond with wonderful milk production."

All of which has a vaguely familiar ring, has it not? If, with a slight emendation, it should appear under an Ossining date line, who would there be to express surprise? Even the wholly utilitarian official professed suggests the Osborne propaganda. As if Mrs. Howie did not indulge her cows, as Mr. Osborne his convicts—well, just because.

But if Mr. Osborne is not careful, Mrs. Howie will outstrip him. If she should add to her list of stable improvements moving pictures and a swimming pool, the lot of the cow would become more fortunate than that of the convict.

## The Motorist's Responsibility.

Officials of the Automobile Club of America, promising cooperation in any movement to reduce the number of street accidents, insist that more than his fair share of the burden of responsibility is being placed on the motorist. Children playing in the streets and pedestrians who cross streets regardless of traffic conditions and regulations create situations which even law-abiding automobile drivers cannot prevent from producing accidents. And, declare these officials, the automobile owners are as law-abiding as any other class of citizens.

It is quite possible that there are as many careless or stupid pedestrians as there are careless or criminal drivers of motor cars; it is possible that there are a great many more, since pedestrians still outnumber those who go awheel. That does not alter the fact that our American ideas exact of the man in the machine a consideration, a responsibility, for the life of the individual afoot which too frequently is utterly foreign to the mind of the driver. That is the payment for the privilege of using the streets with these tremendous engines, more dangerous than locomotives or streetcars, since they are confined to no right of way or tracks. Obviously the carelessness or recklessness of pedestrians complicates the traffic problems, and, of course, the individual crossing a crowded, busy street has his own responsibility for safety of life and limb. Nevertheless, insistence on this will not release motorists from their own responsibility. After all, it takes two to

make an accident, and the burden of proof will remain, and ought to, on the driver of the car.

## A National Budget Needed.

The Democratic House caucus did a prudent thing last winter when it appointed a committee of members-elect of the new Congress to formulate a Federal budget plan. Necessity overrode consistency. It was the Democratic majority in the House in the last two years of the Taft administration that practically nullified Mr. Taft's praiseworthy efforts to establish a real budget system. Coming into power, the Democratic leaders in the House wanted to have a free hand in dealing with expenditures, and they succeeded in fastening a rider on the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill approved August 23, 1912, which repealed previous legislation requiring effective cooperation on the President's part in regulating national expenditure.

It was all right for a Democratic House to deny the administration any real responsibility for controlling appropriations while there was a Republican in the White House. The blame for extravagance could be passed along to the party in power, which actually spent the money. But when a Democratic President came in the situation changed. Responsibility for extravagance could no longer be divided. Although Mr. John J. Fitzgerald, the conscientious chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, tore his hair and passionately excoriated his spendthrift associates, the appropriations of the 63d Congress exceeded those of the 61st—the last Republican Congress—by \$177,000,000. Even disregarding new national defence demands (absolutely legitimate in themselves), the 64th Congress would inevitably have continued to boost the level of national outlay. It could not be otherwise under a system which allows every "pork barrel" group to play its own hand and provides no central authority with power to check vicious raids on the Treasury.

Two plans are now proposed to hold the raiders back. One involves the creation of a new House budget committee, with supervision over all expenditure, and the other involves vesting complete supervisory power in the present Appropriations Committee. To the public it cannot matter much which committee is preferred, so long as absolute control is conceded to it.

But centralization in Congress must also be accompanied by clearer responsibility on the part of the Executive. Under the Taft budget law the President was required to make expenditure and income balance when the annual estimates were sent to Congress. If he asked for larger appropriations he had to indicate new sources of revenue. The Wilson administration submitted estimates to the last Congress calling for even more money than the easy spenders at the Capitol were willing to grant. But it ran away from the unpleasant problem of raising new revenue with which to meet increases in expenditure. The result was a big deficit in the Treasury.

It would be wise to reenact the Taft budget scheme and put on the Executive the duty of squaring income with outlay in the estimates for any fiscal year. Then the country would know in advance what to expect of Congress, and those who wanted to spend more or less than the Treasury thought it could afford to spend would have to make a fight on the facts and make that fight in the open. Now, there are no standards of judgment and no weight of authority which can fix standards.

This Congress is going to spend a great deal more money than any other Congress has spent—more than two or three Congresses together would have dreamed of spending twenty years ago. It is all the more important, therefore, to have some brake put on reckless individual and group action—to create a powerful central body which will assume entire responsibility for combating old-fashioned mismanagement and waste.

## Sidelights on Neutrality.

While the world is watching the bewildering game of what remains of neutrality in the Balkans, it is not unprofitable to turn for the moment to the other end of Europe, to the little nation that, it seemed in the beginning, would almost unavoidably be drawn into the conflict. The Dutch government is maintaining its neutrality with a resolute hand, notwithstanding the pro-Ally sympathies of the country's populace. The court, the aristocracy and the commercial classes are strongly pro-German; the intellectuals are divided, with a majority favoring the Allies; the common people are outspoken in their enmity against their eastern neighbors, except on the frontier, where business is over so much better than usual.

Serious charges are being made in some of the Dutch newspapers concerning the nature of the government's official neutrality. There are more than whispers of a secret treaty with the Empire, based on the fact that the army is kept on a war footing, notwithstanding promises, some time ago, of a partial demobilization. Still stronger proof of the existence of such a treaty is sought in the assertion that the Dutch military censorship delays for hours all telegrams concerning the westward passage of Zeppelins over the Dutch North Sea islands, thereby preventing, it is claimed, timely warning of their coming from reaching the British government. It is interesting to learn that Holland began some time ago to prohibit the emigration of skilled ammunition makers, for the moment one of the most flourishing of Dutch industries. But the army is still deficient in field guns, and these are to be bought in this country.

It is in the field of contraband that Holland yields the most picturesque, if not the most important, news. Occasionally there is a tragedy—a smuggler is shot by a frontier guard—but then, again, turns

of sentry-go are worth \$6, the reward of convenient temporary blindness running sometimes as high as \$120. Occasionally something goes wrong with the orders of a complainant local commander, and charges have to be made. It is certain, however, that the Dutch government is serious in its attempts to stop smuggling, as the cost of living in the country is rapidly rising owing to the purchases of the German and Austrian governments. And prices are driven still higher by speculators from these countries, who recklessly bid against each other, sure of their profit if they are not caught.

Even as German trawlers and merchant vessels enter Swedish ports with iron anchors and return with others made of copper, so is the rolling stock ordered by the Empire from Dutch manufacturers provided with copper floors below the wooden ones. Hollow bricks convey petrol—the tricks of the old and picturesque trade are endless. There are villages on the eastern frontier that are half on Dutch and half on German territory—even individual houses and gardens. What is brought in at the Dutch front door in broad daylight is taken out by the German back door in the dark of night. Bundles of contraband are brought to the frontier wire, laid down just this side of it and kicked across like footballs into waiting hands, to the bewilderment of the guards. Germans tired of eating war bread can satisfy their craving for cake in the kitchens on Dutch territory of farmsteads whose front parlors are in Germany. To make confusion worse confounded, occasionally a Dutch guard firing at a Dutch smuggler breaks a German window pane—an international incident.

## Mr. Astor's Loss.

What a whispering of excited admiration must be winging its sibilant course through the underworld now that Mr. Vincent Astor's pocket has been picked. The "haul"? A tidy sum, to be sure, but as nothing to the prestige. Glory must simply dog the perpetrator of such a showy crime, involving the most excessively gilded of young men and a patron of the "cops." Fancy the subdued exultation—and the frank jealousy—expressed over half empty glasses in the room behind the bar; the soft glances from pencilled eyes to greet the hero's entrance, to be followed ere long, it may be, by a shifting of sweethearts. And then—

Let Mr. Astor take heart—detectives know when to expect the "squel." It will come, if it comes at all, when the hero's affections have designated their new choice and the wronged one unburies a heart of pain. Though his wallet be gone, the victim may yet have the satisfaction of seeing the exceedingly apologetic young man whom he encountered in the Belasco lobby behind the bars, a martyr to success.

Ah, the raw triumphs of the underworld, and its heartaches! These are the real partners of the police, the best "stool pigeons" in the business.

Senator Boies Penrose says that he will be a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. His idea of a Republican candidate seems still to be a man who can probably carry Utah and Vermont.

Sorry as we are for Mr. Astor, we take comfort in the thought that he will still be able to get through the winter without suffering.

## A Serbian Soldier's Bravery.

(From The Dundee Advertiser.)  
The bravery of the Serbian soldier and the manner in which he fights for his beloved country are illustrated in the following story, for the truth of which a well known and ardent Serbophile vouches. Before the superior forces of the enemy on one occasion a Serbian regiment had to retire. Of the men serving the machine guns all but one were killed and wounded, but this man, instead of withdrawing with his comrades, continued to work his gun with such fiendish energy that at last the advancing enemy, not realizing that he stood alone, and fearing a trap, retired in their turn. And so the situation was saved by the courage of one man. His exploit was duly reported to the general, who sent for him next day and said: "You're a terrible fellow. What's this I hear of you? They tell me it was a regular massacre. How many men did you kill?" The gunner, much perturbed, stammered out his belief that certainly well over a hundred men must have fallen victims to his machine gun. "Well," said the general, frowning, "there's nothing for it but to make you a corporal." "Oh, general," exclaimed the man, who had expected some kind of punishment. "And now, Corporal—, I make you a sergeant." "Oh, general," gasped the man, speechless with astonishment. "And now, Sergeant—," the general went on, "I make you a lieutenant." The new officer burst into tears. "And now," cried the general, "embrace me!"

## Entente Interests in Salonica.

(From The Manchester Guardian.)  
It would be difficult to find a city more cosmopolitan than Salonica. Almost every nation is represented both in population and in material interests. As regards population, as large a proportion as 60 per cent is, or was before the Balkan wars, Jewish. The Jews have in Salonica, as elsewhere, come to the top of the commercial life of the port, and many of the most important firms are in Jewish hands. Both Great Britain and France are represented by powerful commercial interests. It is estimated that over £20,000,000 of French capital is invested in Salonica, or in enterprises which have their headquarters there. The Bank of Salonica, the harbor, and even the all-important Dedeagach railway, were financed by French money. There were in pre-war days as many as thirty-five French schools in the city. Britain's interests in the port before the war were hardly less valuable. British shipping predominated even over Austrian, and up to the time of the Balkan wars, at any rate, British imports were higher in aggregate value than those from any other source. In this respect Austria-Hungary ran up very close, with Germany third and France fourth. Chief among the goods that in recent years entered Salonica from Great Britain were late, rope, oilcloth and linoleum, coal, ironware, carpets, machinery, and, far the most important of all, cotton goods, which comprised nearly half of our export trade to Salonica.

## "PITILESS PUBLICITY"

Also Further Comment on "Remember the Lusitania."

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Your editorial "Pitiless Publicity" is a masterpiece. It truly is a correct and precise representation of the attitude of the administration at Washington during the past months.

Surely the real American has been aroused to a righteous indignation at the manner in which our "representatives" have covered before German insults and insolence, crowned time after time by fresh murders and outrages, of not only peaceful non-combatants of other countries, but of defenceless women and children, citizens of America.

In the unenviable position of this country just now it would seem that if it were not for Britain's mighty and efficient navy and the grim wall of Allied bayonets in Europe God only knows what would become of the great nation which is "too proud to fight."

Verily the government of the United States is falsely representing the nature and character of her people, making them out before all Europe to be shirkers and cowards, instead of defenders of the right, of her women and children and of her honor.

C. E. S.  
New York, Nov. 15, 1915.

## The Other Side.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Do you for a moment imagine that the mass of your readers are so blind as to be taken in by the letters following your highly unpatriotic editorials? According to The Tribune there remains no longer in this country any adherent of our President. Did one judge of popular sentiment by the letters so carefully selected from your daily stack, one would imagine the United States a nation of Wilson haters and misunderstood Roosevelt.

But fortunately every one remembers The Tribune's suffrage campaign, which made of this paper the laughing stock of the newspaper world in New York, and proved once again the ease with which statistics may be made to serve any purpose and prove any fact.

Why not make of your editorial page a real debating ground, on which more than one side of a question can be brought forth? For you know, as well as all your readers, that the much discussed editorial "Remember the Lusitania" evoked comment other than favorable, as well as that which you print day after day in your own praise and advertisement. You know, too, that many of your steadiest readers have turned in disgust from your inflaming, backbiting stand on the subject of the present administration's policy.

Thank God there still are men—and it would serve you well to discover how legion their number—who are following with loving appreciation the splendid course Mr. Wilson has steered through the troubled waters of his term.

We are not of the kind that follows blindly. We would not support our President did we find him unworthy of all honor. But while we see him choosing as best he can the path of safety and peace for his country, we consider his service greater by far than that of those leaders who are attempting to hurl us, too, into the maelstrom of destruction.

What? Have you learned no lesson from the sputten nations abroad? Have they supplied no warning—merely a desire to repeat in our fair land that tragedy of death? Let us be grateful that Mr. Wilson has a vision clearer and truer than the false patriotism displayed in your editorials.

And give us a chance to be heard, too—Wilson lovers though we are. C. F. R.  
New York, Nov. 17, 1915.

## Support the President!

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: It strikes me that in your editorials condemning President Wilson you are working toward stirring up that same deplorable condition that we all read exists in England—namely, discontent and opposition to recognized authority, to say nothing of arousing racial prejudices, which when fully aflame are the most dangerous and most difficult to control of any disorders.

Do you not think that there may be a reason or reasons for our administration's attitude other than that which you ascribe to it—namely, cowardice? Washington must certainly be in closer touch and have a better understanding of things than we, the general public—and you, too, come under that head—may have.

But disregarding all this, you will perhaps remember that you were at one time very fond of the phrase "Our country, right or wrong," and does not "our country" mean our government and its recognized head? Why, then, don't you live up to this motto and support our President, instead of doing everything in your power to create an adverse feeling toward him?

I believe that we should show the nations of the world that we can stand by our government, not that we are continuously heckling and thereby making harder the task that that government and its officials have to bear in these troublous times.

Please note that, though I may have a German name, I and both my parents are Americans and owe our allegiance to the United States and its President ONLY.

A. C. GRIMM.  
New York, Nov. 17, 1915.

## Now and '98.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: How different the attitude of the American government now from that of 1898! Then the Spaniards were supposed to have sunk one armored cruiser. Now the Germans sink many of our ships—merchant and passenger vessels. In 1898 the government went to war; now all we have is an endless stream of notes.

And not only destruction of our ships. Think of the plots and forgeries, the burnings and killings of our citizens by the Germans and their paid agents! And the American government merely continues its notes and more notes. Surely we have been at war for a year, and the Washington authorities don't know it, or don't want to acknowledge it.

C. F. HOWLAND.  
New York, Nov. 11, 1915.

## Careless Americans.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Now that the Austrian defence has been cabled to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in Washington, with reference to the sinking of the Ancona, we may anticipate another apologetic communication from the administration to the Teutonic governments. It is deplorable that American citizens should be so careless of their lives.

Further comment is unnecessary. Your editorial of November 13 seems to cover the situation more adequately than anything that has as yet been written.

HOWARD GREENLEY.  
New York, Nov. 15, 1915.

## Almost Persuaded.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Your editorials are the fruit of inspiration. I have been a dyed-in-the-wool Wilsonian. Almost too persuaded me to be a Republican. At any rate, you have gained a new subscriber.

J. H. PROCTER.  
New York, Nov. 15, 1915.

## THE COLOSSUS.



## ZEPPELIN NIGHTS

A Special Constable's Experiences During and After the Bombardments of London from the Sky—Some Remarks on Prices.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: The inclosed letter, describing current conditions in London, may interest some of your readers.

New York, Nov. 15, 1915.

"It will interest you to know of some of the alterations of conditions the war has brought about. Principally, the prices of practically everything have gone up, and as regards necessities (foodstuffs) there is a rise all around of about 25 per cent; other necessities a somewhat less rise. But it is in so many other things that the effects of the war are brought home.

Women are increasing at a great rate in all sorts of trades, to replace the great drain in men who have gone to the front. Ticket inspectors on the S. E. R. and many other lines. Nearly all bookstalls. Many women police have been taken on, and a great number of offices in all towns teem with women. At Electra House the men of military age are there on condition that they will be replaced by women should the companies consider their work could be efficiently carried out by them, and these are the conditions which obtain in many other houses.

After dark in London it is very easy to lose one's way, owing to the immense decrease of lighting of the streets. I went up West a few days ago, and in the thoroughfares where formerly all the shops were brilliantly ablaze there are no lights visible from the street at all—they are screened in such a way that no beam is thrown on the pavement or road. I was on duty a short time ago at Shooter's Hill, where they have erected many hundreds of houses for the workmen in the arsenal, and we were told off to call at the houses where bare lights or insufficiently screened ones were visible, and we knocked up quite forty people and ordered them to put up curtains. The Zeppelins did a great deal of damage to the West End, around Chancery Lane; nearly hit the Lyceum, where a performance was on, and the people came tearing out of the theatre, and one poor man received a piece of anti-aircraft shell in his tummy, which flattened him to pulp against a wall. I could tell you of many horrors perpetrated by these German swine with their airships, but the American press have no doubt recounted them, with a few frills, perhaps. One 'bus was completely blown to bits, killing eleven. Within 200 yards of Electra House, on the Bank side, many bombs fell, one, which did not explode, being the biggest the police have ever seen. Some nights after more bombs fell about the same distance on the north side of the house, tearing a huge hole in the road. About this time, at New Cross, I heard from the police that great damage was done at New Cross, so I went down there on my cycle and saw two houses completely pulverized—only one or two beams left standing. One poor woman was groping about the remains for some one she missed. It was at 5:30 a. m. that I was there, having just come off early morning duty.

Another time I was called out to attend at Eltham police station at 9:30 p. m. The first thing I saw in the sky when I left the house was a Zeppelin high up in the direction of London, some eight miles off. A very fascinating sight, with many searchlights on it and a terrific number of bursting bombs around it. It dodged and twisted and finally belched forth an immense volume of smoke, amidst which she disappeared, a well known dodge of theirs. We all witnessed this from the house at Nottingham; then I donned my armet and truncheon, and, turning to address the neighbors around us, told them to keep to their houses if the "Zep" came over, as the falling shrapnel from our own guns is best avoided this way, but it is not adhered to, as nearly everybody wants to see what's going on and forgets the danger.

I then cycled to Eltham, to find a crowd of specials there, and we waited some time. Then, at 11:20, a policeman cycled up to say that an airship was coming up from the south. We looked up, and hearing a roaring sound behind a cigar-shaped thing stealthily coming up and appeared to be pretty low,

but not knowing their length it is very difficult to gauge the height. The thing came clean over our heads—a weird feeling took possession of me. If the thing had dropped a bomb! However, it didn't just then. The police were telephoning to the Admiralty, and very soon the first searchlight was on her. It appeared perfectly distinct—black against the starlit sky before this. Then a host of searchlights hit it, and then the guns began to roar all around us.

Eltham is some two miles only from Woolwich, and you may bet your boots they had a hot time, but whether they reserved some for the next raid, not wanting this particular "Zep" to gather too much information, or not, there appeared a great lack of something—guns in particular. She was not hit, and I watched her drop bombs on the officers' barracks—you know them, facing Woolwich Common—and on to the arsenal.

We did not hear, of course, what damage was done at the latter place, but a few days afterward I saw huge holes and a stone pillar nearly split in two at the officers' quarters. We are near a large barracks where the Army Service Corps are and where they inspect all the lorries and ambulances which go to the front. I understand they are having a flying ground, also, close by, so if the "Zeps" know of it they may drop a card near by, so we have to be on the quiver. When they come I try to get them all to keep right inside the middle of the house somewhere, and you may bet it is an anxious time, and unfortunately the very time I want to be at home I am called on duty. It seems I would be in the right place guarding my own family, and not muddling about at the police station, for there are no instructions issued as to what to do, but presumably we should be expected to render first aid. I am now qualified in this, as I got my certificate a short time ago.

A. J. S.  
London, Nov. 1, 1915.

## A Vote for the Cat.

To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: I have been much interested in the controversy about the cat as contained in your valuable paper. I should like to go on record as a voter for the cat. This wise and graceful animal, in spite of much scorn and abuse, will always continue to be a valuable and loved house pet, as well as a necessity in warehouses, barns, stores, etc. A good cat deserves to be taken good care of, as much as a horse or a cow, and will repay this care by being reliable and useful.

People who neglect their cats, and then complain that they steal and upset garbage cans, deserve to be put on short rations themselves. My cat is always well fed and seldom catches birds, and keeps not only my house and possessions free from rats and mice, but the neighbors' as well. As for being cruel and treacherous, why more so than the dog? To one person bitten by the cat, hundreds are bitten by the dog, and with the dog as well as with the cat it is often done through fear of ill treatment or as a consequence of ill treatment. When you see a snapping ferret, be sure that that animal has been teased by ugly men or boys.

As for lacking in affection, those who have made companions of their cats will tell you that they are capable of strong attachments to persons as well as to places. The birds should be protected from men and boys as well as from dogs and cats. For my part, I think the cat compares favorably with the nations of Europe now tearing each other to pieces.

LOUISE HALE MARVIN.  
Jamaica, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1915.

## Where Delay Is an Art.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: If the official totals of the vote for and against the barge canal bond issue, voted on at the last general election, are available for publication will you kindly cause the figures to be printed on your editorial page?

New York, Nov. 15, 1915.

[Under the dilatory and inefficient system of canvassing which this state still tolerates these totals will not be available until shortly before Christmas.—Ed.]

## WHAT WASHINGTON WROTE

His Letter Shows the Cost of Unpreparedness in the Revolution.  
To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I desire to add my voice to the chorus of approval of your remarkable editorial on the great questions of the war and the defense of this nation. I wish that the whole series could be read and reread by every American. "The Sham" and "Remember the Lusitania" were particularly good, but the whole series is so excellent that selection of editorials that stand above the rest is difficult.

I would like also to comment on a letter from a correspondent, Francis X. Errington, appearing in your issue of the 14th. He takes to task The Tribune and others of us who believe in really adequate preparation and intimates that a lack of historical knowledge is responsible for our failure to realize that wonders were accomplished in the Revolutionary War without preparation. Mr. Errington speaks with the cocksureness of one who has absorbed his historical information entirely from those charming little works of fiction that masquerade under the general characterization of "school histories," with possibly a little extra learning gathered from the utterances of campaign and Fourth of July orators when "warming up" a crowd to the proper enthusiasm. Let me give Mr. Errington a little advice. If he is really interested in the matter, I can recommend that he read carefully General Upton's "Military Policy of the United States." If the statistics, etc., make that valuable work too dry reading, he could employ well his time in perusing General F. V. Greene's admirable little work, "The Revolutionary War." And let him not forget to consider the historical information in the War of Independence, General action in the War of 1812, and the President of Congress, dated August 20, 1780, which I will take the liberty of quoting in part:

"Had we formed a permanent army in the beginning, which by the continuance of the same men in service had been capable of discipline, we should never have had to retreat across the Delaware in 1776, trembling for the fate of America, which nothing but the infatuation of the enemy could have saved; we should not have remained all the succeeding winter at their mercy, with sometimes scarcely a sufficient body of men to mount the ordinary guards, liable at every moment to be dissipated, if they had only thought proper to march against us; we should not have been under the necessity of fighting Brandywine, with an unequal number of raw troops, and afterward of seeing Philadelphia fall a prey to a victorious army; we should not have been at Valley Forge with less than half the force of the enemy, destitute of everything, in a situation neither to stand nor to retire; we should not have seen New York left with a handful of men, yet an overmatch for the main army of these states, while the principal part of their force was detached for the reduction of two of them; we should not have found ourselves this spring so weak as to be insulted by 5,000 men, unable to protect our baggage and our magazines, their security depending on the countenance and a want of enterprise in the enemy; we should not have been the greatest part of our inferior to the enemy, indebted for our safety to their inactivity, enabling frequently the mortification of seeing inviting opportunities of ruining them pass unimproved for want of a force which the country was completely able to afford, and of seeing the country ravaged, our towns burnt, the inhabitants plundered, abused, murdered with impunity from the same cause."

The above quotation from one who should be unimpeachable authority in the country which owes so much to him is one of the strongest presentations of our failure to rise to the situation in the Revolution and one of the ablest arguments in favor of adequate preparation that I have ever seen. Preparation for the wars of the present day means far more than the preparation of 135 years ago, and the destructive results and damage from a lack of preparation have increased in proportion. I hope that The Tribune will continue the fight that it has begun for a defence which will be sufficient to stand any test to which it may be subjected.

FRANKLAND BRIGGS.  
New York, Nov. 15, 1915.

## Appreciation.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: A word of appreciation for your splendid editorial on Booker T. Washington.

M. P. GRAY.  
Cambridge, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1915.